

PS 2809  
-S7A17



## O D E

*Sung at the Centennial Festival of St. John's Lodge,  
Providence, June 24, 1857.*

WRITTEN BY R. W. BR. JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

ALL hail this Sainted Jubilee !  
A hundred years have flown  
Since on Rhode Island's verdant shores  
The Light in darkness shone.  
The Brethren, they were few and rare,  
They were a little band,  
A Lodge in a lone wilderness  
Far from their Fatherland.

Then all this boundless Continent  
Was mountain, lake and tree,  
Save where the star of Empire rose  
On dwellings of the free.  
Now arrowy Steamers shoot along ;  
Now cities charm the view,  
Where once the Indian pitch'd his tent  
Or paddled his Canoe.

Alas ! when memory calls her roll  
Our hearts within us burn,  
To think of those who once were here,  
Who will no more return !  
And yet there 's glory in the thought !  
That in our Archives old  
A WARREN, FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON,  
Were on that page enroll'd.

The Light which on our altar shone  
A hundred years ago,  
Now spreads a *starry canopy*  
Where two vast oceans flow.  
From Maine to mighty Oregon,  
Then raise our banners high,  
For WISDOM, STRENGTH and BEAUTY form  
The immortal mystic tie.

AS 180  
S. 101

P.

Wm B. Jacobs

PS 2207  
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## DEDICATION HYMN,

• BY R. W. BR. JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

SUNG AT

## THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE,

BOSTON, JUNE 24, 1867.

*MUSIC BY LUCIAN SOUTHARD, ESQ.*

THE mountains round Jerusalem  
The fame forever stand;  
But the dark clouds which rest on them  
O'ershadow sea and land.  
No sail is seen on Galilee;  
No harp in Judah's halls;  
The city, once so brave and free,  
The scimitar appals;  
A remnant scarce is left in her  
To guard the Holy Sepulchre.

In streets our ancient Brethren trod  
Rings the Muezzin's cry;  
And where our Temple rose to God  
A mosque invades the sky:—

Our Temple, which once stood sublime  
On Mount Moriah's height,  
A mould of Beauty for all time,  
An oracle of light:  
The glorious handicraft of them, —  
The GRAND LODGE of Jerusalem.

Its form and grandeur yet survive  
In every Mason's mind:  
Though Mosque and Minaret may strive  
To leave no trace behind,  
The ideal presence stands the same  
Where'er on earth we roam:  
Jerusalem, from whence we came,  
Is still the Brother's home.  
He ne'er forgets while time runs on,  
The TEMPLE of King Solomon.

The glory of the Holy Land.  
Though vanished from the eye,  
Still warms the heart and guides thy hand,  
Immortal Masonry!  
Like Venus rising from the sea, —  
A form of loveliness,  
This beautious, sculptured Fane to Thee  
We dedicate, and bleis.  
In Saint John's name, to Christ so dear,  
We consecrate our Altars here.



Wm. B. Innes.

27702, Aug 12, 1929.





## THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

BY JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

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Deep in the grave, whene'er a Brother dies  
We drop the Acacia at his obsequies;  
A leaf — a sprig — yet this fraternal token,  
When dust to dust — the Golden Bowl is broken —  
Midst hallow'd rites around his lowly bed,  
Portends the Resurrection of the Dead :  
An <sup>l</sup> tears on earth, like dew of Hermon given,  
Reflect through Hope the light which shines from Heaven.

10.

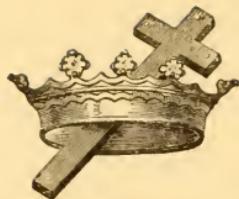
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## THEY SANG A HYMN.

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WORDS BY JOHN H. SHEPPARD, ESQ.

AIR — *Old Scotch Melody.*

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1

They sang a Hymn ; but ne'er before,  
Did chant on earth such thoughts inspire ;  
Not Moses on the Red Sea shore ;  
Nor David with his living lyre.  
It was a long lost Hebrew air,  
Oft hymn'd on hills where prophets trod ;  
And, while they sang, as Heav'n it were,  
To look upon the Lamb of God.

P. 13  
Wm. B. Drake.

The Paschal moon was shining bright  
    On Olivet and tower and tree ;—  
In every house a burning light,  
    In every soul a jubilee ;  
Save in that lonely upper room,  
    With fear and anguish hearts were wrung ;  
Dim shadows, of to-morrow's doom  
    Above the Cross on Calv'ry hung.

The trembling stars then watch'd on high  
    The garden of Gethsemane ;  
While Powers of Darkness gather'd nigh  
    That timid flock of Galilee !  
Thrice pray'd our Lord — worn out, they slept, —  
    “ Father, thy will be done,” cried He :  
And drops of blood His body wept,  
    In that dread hour of agony !

From Heav'n He came to heal our woes,  
    His blood He shed the lost to save ;  
Like man He died — like God He rose,  
    Enrob'd in glory from the grave.  
No tongue can tell, no heart conceive  
    The rest to his Beloved given ;—  
Those martyr'd Saints, who met that eve ;  
    They sang a Hymn, 'twas heard in Heaven.





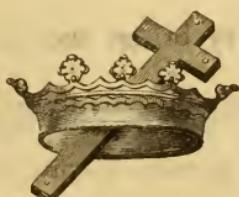
BY A BEREAVED FATHER,

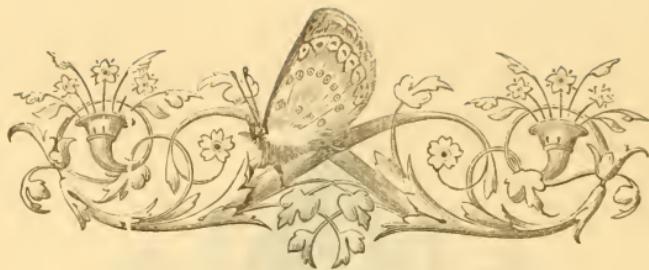
On

## ABIEL WOOD SHEPPARD,

LATE OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Who left home, Boston, January 1, 1848, and returned Monday, September 5, 1864. On the 12th he went to his birth-place, Wiscasset, Me., to visit his cousins; was there taken sick, and, on the 26th, expired, of a congestion of the brain. He was 37 years of age.





“O! for him back again;  
O! for him back again;  
I wad gie a’ Knockhaspie’s land  
For Highland Harry back again.”

BURNS.

NOR morn nor eve now glads the lonely hour!  
Gone is the solace of declining years:  
Tasks, which once woke the soul with stirring power,  
Now lose their charm in solitude and tears.

Ah! when I gazed with agonizing thought  
On that sweet face — so beautiful in death —  
Almost in vain poor shuddering nature sought  
To still the anguish in my struggling breath.

Oft as fond memory brings the past to view,—  
His blooming youth, his manhood’s rising day,  
His filial love, so gentle, warm, and true,—  
Comes that dread scene when in a shroud he lay.

P.  
Wm. B. Donisthorpe.

Aug 12, 1929  
For many a year with strangers did he roam,  
Where California's golden mountains soar ;  
In all his wanderings yet a father's home  
Shone like a star till his return once more.

And when his light, elastic step drew nigh,  
And joyous Hope foretold a happier fate !  
Lo ! the tenth wave \* of sorrow, surging high,  
Broke, and, o'erwhelming, left me desolate !

The ancient hemlock by the lightning torn,  
Each spring may put forth leaves, and cheer the glade ;  
But let the aged heart be called to mourn,  
Earth then forever wears a deeper shade.

\* Vastus insurgens decimæ ruit impetus undæ.

OVID.

NOVEMBER 1, 1864.



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